22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

[1904]

My Violet.

Wilson says he is practically the same. He has no doubt that the growth or a clot of blood is preventing the poison from reaching the bladder as quick as it was doing - but he says this may break down at any moment -

Oh Dear - it is very sad. He may live a week or 2 I suppose or the end may come at any time! They can't tell, & we just have to sit here. But he has no pain, & the fever just now is very. I

begin to watch for anything to end this.
The waiting is so intolerable —
but Lord — these things have to be
& we have to grin & bear them!
The worst of it is to is to
tired & worn out, & wanty to die
I think, & is just kept alive.
I shall do my best to resin my
Constitution before I get to his age,
so as to die peacefully!

NYPL

Yr affy.

July 28th
1904.

~~22, HYDE PARK GATE,~~
~~S.W.~~

Manorbier R.S.O.
Pembrokeshire

My Violet,

I am happy about that ring.
I don't mind how much fuss they put
so long as I have it the same as
when he gave it to me. I began to
think I might have spoilt it for ever.

We have come to the right place -
never were people so lucky as we
are in practical things. The house is
lovely as perfectly & is warm & comfortable
& I can't even such splendid
wild country until it begins - indeed one
thinks of it here in many ways. We

Won't start 1st
(about) but go for
abroad, postponing
we wait till then?
It seems difficult to
Start 16th March:
William really ought to
work.

July 20th
1904.

~~22, HYDE PARK GATE,~~
~~S.W.~~

Manorbier R.S.O.
Pembrokeshire

Want April 1st (about) suit you for abroad, supposing we wait till then? It seems difficult to start 16th March: & Alwin really ought to work.

My Violet,

I am happy about that ring. I don't mind how much fuss they put so long as I have it the same as when he gave it to me. I hope to think I might have spoilt it for ever.

We have come to the right place - never were people so lucky as we are in practical things. We know it & look it perfectly. It is warm & comfortable & I have not seen such splendid wild country since I was - indeed one thinks of it here in many ways. We

35, HYDE PARK GATE
S.W.

have already spent an astonishing
amount of time walking about on
the cliffs - Even lying in the sun.
We live almost under the shadow of
a great feudal Castle, which stands
on a cliff over the sea - Nessa &
have walked right along the coast
already, never meeting any one.
There are about 3 Lovers here -
NYPL
wild queer Church on the hill.
It is cold, but very clear & bright.
No sound but wind & sea.
Nobby is wild with his Birds - there
are all Kinds here. & George
tramps about too with his flappy

I don't want to think; I feel like a
cow with her nose in the grass.
but I know that here in the quiet
as soon it seems more natural &
less terrible than it did. The
dreadful thing is that I never did
enough for him all those years.
The way so lonely often, I never
helped him as I might have done.
This is the worst part of it now -
if he had only lived we could have
been so happy - But it is all gone.

However, I won't write it: as generally
I am in such an animal state that
I don't think it. We are all very
well, & this is the most restful of
lives. It is a comfort to write to you.

My Visat for N.S.

Manorlea Friday.

R.S.O.

Pen Brokerleia.

March 5th 1904

Dear Violet

I have been a bad beast about writing, but mercifully that doesn't affect you. The relations have been reviving their sorry ink ever since we came here - saying quantities of things which don't mean much & clamouring for letters. I saw the Pilot & some other newspapers, but not one seems to me to have said a word that one cares to remember. I daresay somebody who takes more trouble will write something in one of the Reviews but it don't much matter. Father used to say that it would amuse

Lem to read his own obituary notice,
but I don't think he would have got
through them. Stupid fool! I could
have written them better. Still it did
what very dull impressive people seem
to have set going — NYPL

What are your views about coming
down? It is rather a delicate question,
so that we had our doubts about
writing. Your husband may think it
bad for you, & you may have hopes
of things to do — & you won't like to
say so. There's nothing like simplicity
in these matters — I trust you somehow
to say what you think. As
you know by this time, you harmonize
us wonderfully well —

The only attractions we can offer are that the house is pretty warm & comfortable. Our climate is much better than yours & you could lead the quietest life - nothing exciting about us! Lodgers & others enough & no more walking or talking than you like. Is this a good advertisement? We are sufficiently barbaric to do nothing all day long, & really there is some joy in the doing.

This paper is like granite slabs to write upon, which affects my very brain. We make some little excursions every other day with George - He seems to think it helps to pass the time, as I dare say it does. I begin to want my books again - & feel I shall dread them. There are quantities of pictures for Nessa

I shall think, even from the window.
I am forcing myself to write to
Nelly after this. Lord Lud I hate it!
All this stupid writing & reading, does
further seem to put him further away. &
I know nothing can do that, & I have the
carious feeling of living with him
day. I often wonder as we sit talking
what it is I am waiting for, & then I
know I want to hear what he thinks.
It was a most exquisite feeling to be
with him, even to touch his hand - he
was so quick - & that one finds in no
one else
My sister - I hope to see you - but
if not - Spaway is serenely planted in
that Cabbage patch you call a heart.
S. A.

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

1904?

Dear Violet

You are a good woman. The stuff is perfectly right, much better than I could ever have Got for myself. Can plans Are upset Gain. Gerald says he's going to Venice on the 1st & suggests taking us, which is I suppose feasible. Then we could meet you in Florence about the 7th or whenever you chose. What a dream

it drench.' I suppose it will turn
out real though. I don't feel the
affairs of this world say to me like
Mark Rutherford would send me
down bottomless pits I know.
I can't believe that all our life
with Father is over & he dead.
If one could only tell him how one
cared, as I dreamt I did last night.
You don't mind my telling my letters
with theological Complainings —
very dull but I can't help writing
them to you — It is so hard to
talk even to ones own brothers & sisters.

NYPL

Since I wrote my ring has improved
wonderfully. I can't think why, unless
it being in the light that does
it – but it has got much clearer
& a better colour. I shall certainly
keep it. Oh Gosh, it isn't right,
but it is rather attractive looking.

I have had a long letter from Traill.
She is in Edinburgh, but is
going to the Barnardistons at
York soon, which she seems to enjoy.
No letter from Beatrice. I can see
her biting her pen to the stump!
Why stay with Sale? She is a rancorous
woman. I never read such positive
nonsense as her books are.

Yr

1904.

22. Hyde Park Gate

Mrs Kolet

I have got you two orange bags.

We expect you tomorrow at 1.30.

Yrs VB

A pot of flowers stand on my table. Sent mysteriously by, but I think by you. Thank you. You have done more than I ever deserved.